



THE

JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR

AN
ILLUSTRATED
MAGAZINE

Published Semi Monthly
Designed Expressly for the
Education & Elevation
of the Young



GEORGE Q. CANNON,
EDITOR.
SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

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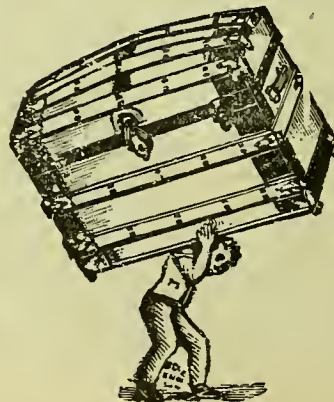
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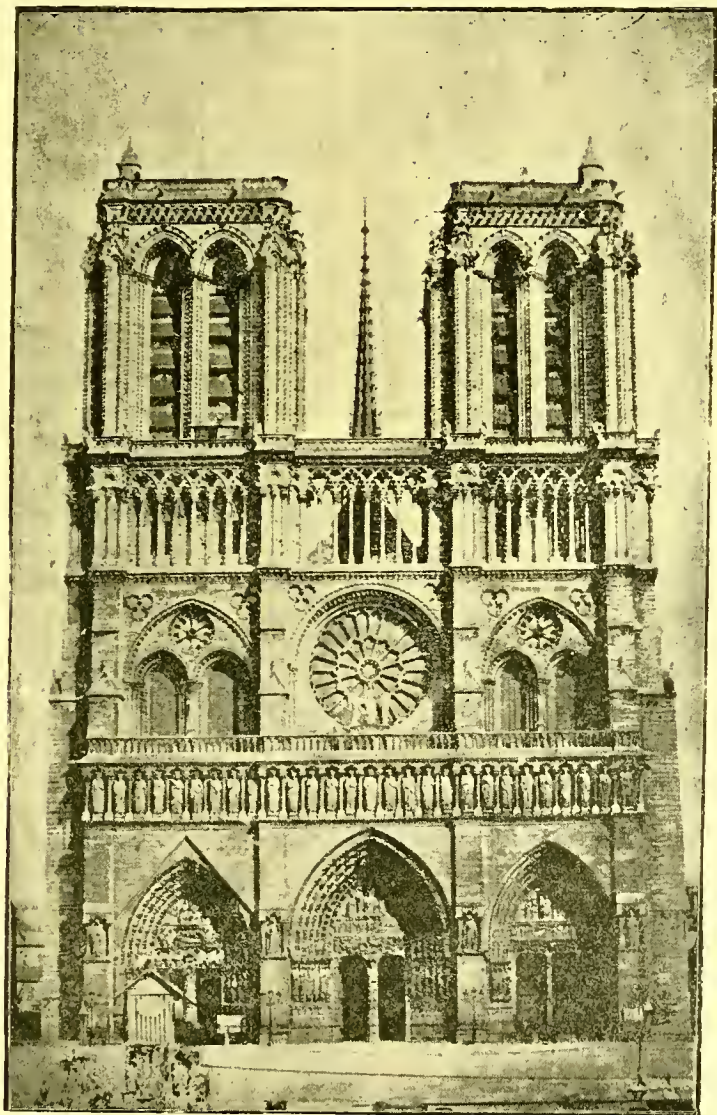
THE JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR.

Organ for YOUNG LATTER DAY SAINTS.

Vol. XXX.

SALT LAKE CITY, AUGUST 15, 1895.

No. 16.



NOTRE DAME.

NOTRE DAME, PARIS.

THE church of Notre Dame (Our Lady), the front of which is shown in the accompanying engraving, is at once the largest and finest of the religious edifices of Paris and one of the most noted of the entire world. Its dimensions are: 426 feet long by 164 feet wide, with towers 223 feet high; from these latter may be obtained the finest view that is to be had in the whole French capital. The church as it now stands, and as the artist has presented it, dates only from the period between 1845 and 1875, during which time it was completely and, as the guides tell us, "judiciously," restored. Truth requires the comment that in many respects the edifice is disappointing to the experienced tourist, and unworthy the fame it has received. This is due to several reasons: the absence of spires from its lofty yet apparently unfinished towers; many structural defects that are all too visible to the critical eye; and more than all, the general lowness of the site, made more conspicuous by the height of surrounding buildings, and by the fact that although a hundred years ago it required an ascent of thirteen steps to approach the church, its interior pavement is now only level with the raised exterior.

But notwithstanding these facts, it is still a most imposing and interesting structure. Probably a detailed description could not entertain the average reader, but there is much in its history and its treasures that is of surpassing interest. It is said to occupy the exact site of a church built nearly sixteen hundred years ago, though its own foundations were not laid until 1163. During the sanguinary revolutions that have taken place in Paris, this noble building has more than once been threatened

with destruction. A decree to this effect was passed in 1793, but the destroyers contented themselves with demolishing a large number of its sculptures and other works of art. Later in the same year it was desecrated by the orgies of a wild following calling themselves devotees of "Reason," and it was designated the "temple of reason," the enthroned divinity of the sect being a ballet-dancer. Its latest desecration followed immediately after the Franco-German war in 1871 when the communists used it as a military storehouse, seized its treasures, and at last tried to burn it. It suffered little injury, however, and is of course again devoted to the purpose for which it was built. In an inner chapel behind the choir is the present treasury or museum, which contains, among other relics, fragments which the attendants gravely tell you are from the crown of thorns with which the Savior's brow was encircled and of the cross upon which He hung. The musical services on Sundays and especially on great festival days of the Catholic church is very fine, and the galleries are always crowded with foreigners and travelers.

GOOD nature and evenness of temper will make you an easy companion for life; virtue and good sense an agreeable friend; love and constancy a good wife and husband.

It is better to meet danger than to wait for it. He that is on a lee shore, and foresees a hurricane, stands out to sea and encounters a storm to avoid a shipwreck.

NOTHING more effectually conquers mental idleness and rouses torpid powers to exertion than the necessity of making decisions, united to the conscientious desire of making right ones.

A FEW WORDS ABOUT TREES.

WETHERSFIELD, which is, next to Windsor, the earliest settlement in Connecticut, possesses an elm tree 140 years old—the largest tree of this species to be found east of the Rockies. Its circumference at 3 feet above the base line is 32 feet; 6 feet higher up, or about the tree's waist, it is 26 feet, and at a height of 8 feet the circumference attained its largest girth of $32\frac{1}{2}$ feet. The circumference of the five main branches is from 11 to 18 feet each, and that of the tree around the roots at the point where they enter the ground is $58\frac{1}{2}$ feet. In the Berkshire hills nature has put forth her best energies to produce trees in harmony with the beauty of the scene. Here on a fine farm in Canaan, Conn., grows, perhaps, the most graceful elm in existence. Its outward contour forms almost a complete semicircle, and its limbs, after ascending a few feet, are lost to sight in a dense mass of rich, green foliage.

The witch tree of Nevada is as gruesome as the elm is graceful. Although a mere sapling of 7 feet it fills the superstitious Indians with awe, so that they never approach it, and warn all passers-by to beware of its mysterious light, which is indeed intensely luminous and visible for a mile away. The luminous property is due to a gummy substance which with its phosphorescent light can be transferred to the hand when the light on the leaf disappears. Its foliage is extremely rank and its leaves resemble those of the bay tree in shape, size and color.

In 1890 a sequoia or redwood was found in Fresno County, Cal., which measured 143 feet 5 inches in circumference. These giants of the mountain are supposed many of them to be more than 2000 years old, the estimate being

based upon the familiar fact that each ring in a tree means a year in its life. If this be so, might not a chronological history be written upon a horizontal section of one of these old fellows, by drawing a line from center to circumference, and noting thereon the events of 2,000 years or more?

The gathering of teakwood has been an industry of India and Burmah ever since man of any color inhabited the country. The natives built palaces and temples out of this "muscle of nature," with which their country alone has been favored, edifices which have defied the ravages of time for generations, no other change being perceptible than a gradual toning down from the color of sandalwood to that of walnut brown. Big, unpainted bungalows, propped up on teak of the same sort, sided with it, shingled with it, latticed with it, defy wind and rain, and laugh oil and varnish to scorn.

Enwrapping vines, moss and lichens, the growth of years, cannot injure this toughest of woods—it yields only to fire. No one save a shipwright knows how many parts of a ship are built from teak, but every one who has walked the deck is satisfied that no traffic, nor wear and tear by feet, no dragging of cargo can effect the teakwood floor. When the wood carver of Burmah toils laboriously to coax his grotesque sprites, sacred cows and Buddhas out of this iron-clad material, he knows that he is working for future generations to admire his handiwork; when the Burmese architect shapes the plinths of strong pillars he knows that the elements will not cause them to crumble; hence years of patient toil are willingly given to the task.

In the ebony tree a great deal of difference in color exists in the trunk of the exogen between the alburnum and

the true wood, the latter being intensely black. The alburnum is of a lighter gray, but it is the former which is so much esteemed in commerce. Ebony is valuable for carving, for inlaying furniture, in contrast with box or other white wood, as well as for many articles strictly ornamental. Several species of the tree grow in the tropics and even beyond that zone, since the State of New York possesses a species of it. In breaking the stem it is observed to be jet black; yet some varieties shade off from this prevailing tone into yellows, reds and greens. Hardness and density—two characteristics which give it value—render it tedious work for the wood-cutter. The branches are rounded; the leaves entire mounted on short foot-stalks. The fruit is pulpy and roundish, a few species being edible when fully ripe, but in an immature state acrid and unwholesome. The forests of Ceylon, Madagascar, Mauritius and other tropical places produce ebony trees of the utmost value. In the first named island are produced the delicate satinwood, tulipwood and the durable ironwood, the last an ornamental tree, bearing violet, scented buds.

Of all magnificent plants and trees which adorn an Oriental landscape none excels in beauty the bamboo, of which there are more than thirty varieties, the smallest being a tiny thing barely 6 inches high, the largest a tremendous fellow, reaching 130 to 150 feet from the ground. In less civilized Eastern countries the young shoots furnish a good meal when cooked with rice; the smaller poles make fishing rods, bows and arrows and spears; the outside bark, cut into thin strips, is plaited into mats, forming nice, cool sheets, which the natives wash and color with all manner of dyes. The large plant is cut into

poles for house building and split and plaited to form walls of such toughness that no bullet can penetrate them.

WINNIE'S VISIT.

"MAY I go, Aunt 'Sula?"

"Yes, you can go, and what's more, you can stay if they'll keep you. I don't know but what I've had my share of takin' care of and doin' for a person that don't appreciate it, nor thank me for it. You can get ready and go as soon as you like."

Many a time, when severely "tried" by her niece, had Ursula Payne imagined herself saying this, or something like it; but now that the bitter words were said, she stood aghast at her own hardness of heart. For Winnie, after trying in vain to answer, turned and went into her bedroom with her eyes full of tears.

"I don't care!" Ursula said repeatedly to herself as she went about her work in the kitchen; but the emphatic way in which she said it proved pretty conclusively that she did care.

"I've done for her ever since she was a little mite, just as if she was my own, and what thanks have I ever got for it? None! It's just as I said; she seems to think every bit of the obligation's all on my side.

"But the time has come now when she's got to be shown her place. If she stays here and goes on as she's been goin', there'll be no standin' her in another year, for that temper of hers seems to get worse every day. So let her go to her Aunt Judith in the city, an' see how much happier she'll be."

Winnie emerged from her room only when her aunt's curt call of "supper!" reached her. She would have preferred to remain alone, but she knew that one

of the inexorable rules of the house was prompt attendance at meals.

It was a silent, cheerless meal, as were too many of the meals in that pretty little house, which was the very picture of coziness.

Winnie was not yet thirteen years old, and at that age anger is seldom proof against the bright spring sunshine and the prospect of "going away." So at breakfast-time she forgot to bring her frown to the table. Presently she even began to feel sorry for her aunt, who was not going away to the delights of the city, but was to stay at home in the tiresome little house with only the cat for company and only the monotonous round of housework for occupation.

"Have they a very nice house, Aunt 'Sula—Uncle Edwin's folks, I mean?" she asked, in a timid attempt at "making up."

"Yes, a finer house than you was ever in, probably. You won't have to turn your hand over there. There's a servant to do every mortal thing."

Aunt 'Sula too was sorry for yesterday—sorry not for what she had said, but for the way she had said it, and was willing to meet her niece half-way.

On the whole, the three days preceding Winnie's departure were pleasant enough. The little girl was as cheerful and helpful as she knew how to be, and Aunt 'Sula was careful to say nothing that could ruffle Winnie's uncertain temper; but she did not revoke the cruel words of Monday, nor allow her heart to soften.

"It's too late to back out now," she said to herself. "It'd just be the same old thing over again after a day or two, for it ain't in her natur' nor in mine to keep this up."

Even when the stage drove up to the gate, and Winnie, with a burst of tears,—

for she was, after all, a tender-hearted little thing, and Aunt 'Sula's was the only home she had known—threw her arms about her neck. Aunt 'Sula remained outwardly calm and collected. Not a word did she say of Winnie's return, or of regret for her going, but only:

"Good-by, my child! I hope you will be a good girl always."

When the stage had passed out of sight beyond the little hill, Ursula returned to the house.

"Well, the child's gone, and I'm done with the care and responsibility I've borne for the last ten years and more," said she. "I declare, I feel freer than I've felt before in many a day!"

She attempted to breathe a deep sigh in token of her relief, but an odd little "catch" in her breath interfered and presently her thoughts were straying in a different direction. "It's been coming for five years," she said half aloud. "Ever since they saw her here that first summer they came, I knew right well it was bound to come. It was 'Winnie this an' 'Winnie that, an' 'Winnie, would you like to come to the city to live?' They wasn't so ready to take her when she was left a mite of a baby; but now that she's grown up into a graceful, ladylike little thing——"

The sense of relief was becoming less keen. Her resentment turned from Winnie to her city relatives.

"Couldn't they have left her alone? They have their own children, grewed up, to be sure, but still their own. What do they want of my little girl? If they had left her alone, I don't believe she'd ever wanted to go away. Well, the mischief's done, an' there's no use in cryin' over spilt milk, I suppose."

The days were long and dull; but it was planting-time, and Ursula's flower

and vegetable gardens were her especial pride, and much of her time was spent there. The days were not so bad as the evenings.

She went into Winnie's room as seldom as possible; everything there spoke of the child. The old dresses, hanging limp against the wall took on a pathetic look. One day when she came upon an old pair of shoes, hidden away behind the closet door, the tears actually came to her eyes.

"That poor child!" she said; "that poor child! She wore 'em out that day of the school picnic to West Rock, and I wouldn't get 'em mended; told her they could stand there as a reproach to her carelessness! Oh, it's no wonder she was glad to get away from me, and it's the best thing for her, too, that she's gone—I can see that. If a woman come to my time of life can't keep her disposition within bounds, how can she expect a child to do it? No, I didn't take the right way with her. I hope they'll be kind to her, and that she'll grow up into a good woman.

Life in the city seemed a wonderful thing to Winnie. It had been so many years since a child of her age had been an occupant of the big house that her presence made an agreeable diversion. Every one was pleased to contribute to her happiness. Indeed the two young lady cousins took up the little country maiden as an amusement, and proceeded to immolate themselves on the altar of her pleasure.

Fortunately, there came an end to the round of sight-seeing, or else Winnie might have had an attack of nervous prostration.

"I'm glad there's nothing more to see, Cousin Grace," she said one morning. "It'll seem good to settle down again."

But it was such a complete settling down! She had ceased to afford amusement to her cousins. The first few days of resting were very pleasant; she read a little here and there, crocheted a little, learned the notes and a few scales on her cousins' piano, and in the intervals sat with folded hands gazing out at passers-by. But when this became the usual daily programme, varied by a walk in the park with a servant, or a drive in her uncle's carriage, it seemed to the country-bred child that she should die of it.

Oh, for the woods at home; where the little brook ran among the flags and ferns! Where the partridges were nesting in the underbrush, and the honeysuckle was blooming on the hills!

Oh, for Aunt 'Sula's garden-patch, where the dew was standing in great drops upon the lettuce and radish leaves! Oh, for the little back porch, wreathed about with Virginia creeper, where Aunt 'Sula used to sit in the heat of the day!

What was a drive in the grand carriage compared with a chance of "catching a ride" to or from school in a neighbor's wagon? And what was a bit of formal park to the unlimited woods at home, where every tree and rock and flower seemed a familiar friend?

"And she hasn't said a word about my going back, in her letters—the two she wrote," Winnie mused. "I didn't think she meant it that day when she said I could go and stay. I was afraid she didn't mean it then, but then when she was bidding me good-by, and said, 'I hope you will be a good girl always,' I knew she didn't want me any more. How bad I must have been that day. Poor Aunt 'Sula! But I think if she knew how sorry I am, and I how want to go home—oh dear! oh dear!"

The idea that she was looked upon only as a guest in her uncle's house had never occurred to Winnie, so mercifully short-sighted in the mind of a child. For had not Aunt Judith said in the past wouldn't you like to come to the city to live, child? We should be glad to have you."

Then, too Aunt 'Sula had looked upon her staying as a matter of course. Consequently, while she was wondering how she could ever adapt herself to her new surroundings, the knowledge that she would be spared the trouble came to her as a positive shock.

It happened one morning about the middle of June, when her aunt asked:

"When does your school begin, my dear?"

"In two weeks, I think," Winnie replied, for the school at New Berlin was conducted upon the lines of a hundred years ago, when two short sessions, one in winter, the other during the fiercest summer heat, made up the school year.

"Ah, then there is little time to spare, Flora," she said to her eldest daughter. "Take Winnie to the dress-maker's and provide her with an outfit. Her school begins shortly, and of course we must not interfere with that."

"Very well," replied Flora. "Come, country mouse, get your hat on and come along till you choose your new dresses."

But even the pretty new dresses, of which there was a liberal supply, could not soothe the anxiety of Winnie's heart. What should she do? Her uncle's wife did not want her. Aunt 'Sula did not want her—but this, of course, she could not tell her hosts. Should she have to go to the poorhouse, or—and the thought was only less dreadful—to an orphan asylum?

Cousin Flora had taken her to see a

"model orphan asylum," and the pathos of it still lingered with her.

"I'm sorry to have you go, Winnie," said Cousin Flora, who was going to see her safely on the train, "but I could see that you were not happy after the first excitement was over, and quite natural so, for there is no home like the one we have been accustomed to."

Cousin Flora kissed the wistful little face in sincerity and affection. "And now good-by, my dear; you must write as soon as you get home."

"But Winnie caught her hand and would not let her go.

"W-wait! Cousin, I—I want to tell you something!" she faltered, and then paused, blushing. Could she confide in her cousin—could she tell her that she had no home?

"Hurry, then," said Flora, nervously; "the train will start in a minute—I must go."

Already Winnie had repented of her haste—no, it would be the same as asking them to keep her if she told Flora what was in her mind, and she could not do that.

"Oh, never mind, don't wait then—it's nothing!" she said, and the clanging engine bell decided Flora.

"You can tell me in your letter," she said, and was gone.

It is probable that a more wretched little girl had never stepped, alone and unheralded, upon the station platform at New Berlin, than was Winnie. Laura Bent, a schoolmate, came in on the same train, but in another car, after a visit to a neighboring town, and her mother and sisters were awaiting her in the two-seated wagon, and Laura was welcomed with an amount of enthusiasm that made Winnie's heart fairly ache.

"Why, Winnie, you got back, too?" said the kindly Mrs. Bent. "Get right

in and ride home with us. Guess your aunt ain't expectin' of ye, is she?"

"No, ma'am," answered Winnie, faintly.

Mrs. Bent thought this a little strange, but there were so many questions to be asked and answered in the re-united family that she did not pursue the subject as she might otherwise have done. In fact, but little attention was paid to Winnie. But they could not help noticing the dejected droop of the little figure as she went slowly up the garden path to Aunt 'Sula's house.

"I guess Winnie's sorry at having to come home from the city," said Jennie Bent; "she looks so. I don't wonder—I'd be sorry, too."

It was deep twilight in the silent house as Winnie opened the outer door and crept in. There was nobody in the rooms downstairs, but somebody was moving about above.

She sat down on the lower step of the stairs for a minute until she could control herself, for her heart was beating so loudly she thought it must be audible even upstairs.

How should she be received? She well remembered the cold, set look that had always confronted her when she had been naughty, and she knew what a fund of bitter words Aunt 'Sula had to draw upon.

"I must go and meet her; I must," she kept saying; and after a little she took up her hand satchel, and made her way plodding, for her feet were like leaden weights, up the stairs.

Aunt 'Sula, hearing the footsteps, caught up a lamp in some alarm, and came to the door to see who the intruder was. She will never forget the piteous, questioning, frightened look in the eyes that gazed up at her from the middle of the stairs.

With a grand downward sweep that extinguished the light, she set the lamp on the floor, and caught Winnie in her arms.

"Why, my own dear child!" said she.

Winnie's courage, which she had been trying to screw to the highest point for a different reception, gave way completely at this, and she sobbed and sobbed on Aunt 'Sula's shoulder.

"Never mind, little girl," said Aunt 'Sula, "never mind!"

"Do you mean that you will take me back, Aunt 'Sula?" Winnie asked, lifting her head at length. "I'll try to be a good girl!"

"Very well, my dear," said Aunt 'Sula, resolutely and significantly, "I'll try to be a good girl, too."

Nellie S. Scott.

THE habit of strictly conforming with careful accuracy to the plain truth of recording facts, events and scenes as correctly as possible, will form the best safeguard against the utterance of a conscious untruth, however strong may be the motive which may urge it. There is nothing so despicable as lying, and no habit that grows so rapidly with as little cultivation. Saying things which are true in the letter and false in the spirit, is one of the worst forms of lying, and one, too, that honeycombs our best society. In all communities we know of some man, staunch and true, whose pride is that, "his word is as good as his bond," and the other man, too, who "never tells the truth, even when it would better serve the purpose." It is one of the very worst of reputations to get fastened upon a person. For one lie they may suffer ever, even though they always tell the truth.

THE
Juvenile Instructor

GEORGE Q. CANNON, EDITOR.

SALT LAKE CITY, AUGUST 15, 1895.

EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.

BLESSING AND NAMING A CHILD.

AN inquiry is addressed to us, concerning an occurrence which took place in one of the wards of the Territory. A baby girl was brought to the meeting to be named and blessed. The Elder who was mouth in pronouncing the blessing omitted to mention the name which the parents desired it to be known by. After the meeting some of the neighbors told the mother that her baby had got no name. She felt badly about this, and she feels that her baby should be blessed again. The Elder who blessed the child told the mother that the omission of the child's name would not invalidate the child's blessing; that it was the parents who gave the child a name; but the mother is not yet satisfied, and we are written to upon the subject.

It is the custom in blessing children for the Elder to call them by the names which their parents desire them to be known by, and to say to each that is the name by which it shall be known in its father's household, and in the Church; and some seal the name upon the child; and in making a record of the blessing, the name is thus recorded. Of course, if an Elder should omit, as in this instance, to give the child a name, it does not make null and void the blessing that has been pronounced upon it. That, undoubtedly, will hold good. In this case, however, we suggest that the child be taken to the meet-

ing, and the name by which its parents desire it to be known, be confirmed upon it in the regular way and according to the practice of the Church. No exception can be taken to this, and it will satisfy the parents' feelings, and will place the matter beyond question.

THE WORD OF WISDOM PROMISE.

One of the brethren writes to us concerning the promise given in the revelation on the Word of Wisdom, "and shall run and not be weary and walk and not faint," and asks whether this is to be understood as having a merely physical meaning, or, has it a spiritual meaning? He informs us that there has been some argument concerning this in Sunday School.

In answer, we say that this promise is intended to apply to both man's physical and mental powers. The effect of keeping the Word of Wisdom is very great and beneficial upon man both physically and spiritually, and those who have seen those effects must be satisfied that the word of the Lord upon this point is fulfilled.

THE PRIESTHOOD.

We are asked if it is true doctrine to teach that those who hold the Priesthood now in the flesh, held it in the spirit world before they came here. Our correspondent informs us that some are advocating in quorum meetings that all who hold the Priesthood now held it before they were born into this world.

We might ask: "Suppose this is true, of what use is it, and how are people benefited by teaching it?"

We know that men must be ordained by those having authority in the flesh, or they cannot legally officiate in any of the ordinances which belong to the Priesthood. Even the Prophet Joseph

and Oliver Cowdery, after being ordained by the heavenly messenger, John the Baptist, to the Aaronic Priesthood, were commanded afterwards to ordain each other. But in reply to the question as to the correctness of this doctrine, we have to say that we know of nothing that has been revealed and written which warrants any one in teaching as doctrine, that men who hold the Priesthood here were ordained to the Priesthood before they came here. Such ideas should not be advanced in public or in private.

RELIGIOUS INSTRUCTION IN THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

By this time it is, or ought to be, demonstrated to the majority of our people, that mere scholastic attainments without a strong moral basis are an utter failure in life. And the fact that our public schools are being conducted without moral or religious instruction, certainly reflects little credit upon a community more than two-thirds of which claim to have a certain knowledge of pure Christianity. The public schools of Utah are, and by law should be, non-sectarian, which is very well as far as that goes; but the law does not say that religious or moral instruction cannot or should not be imparted.

A state has everything to lose by having bad citizens, and everything to gain in having moral citizens, whatever their religious beliefs may be. Then why not inculcate to the tender minds of children and of all young people frequenting our public schools those principles of morality and practical religion, to which a Voltaire and an Ingersol might subscribe with all their hearts?

It is true, all or nearly all Christian denominations have their Sunday

Schools to teach their youth the principles of the Gospel. But how much time is spent for this most important study? About one hour, more or less, perhaps fifty hours in a year, and how few years are spent in the Sunday School by children.

What a splendid opportunity would the public school offer for teaching the little ones one hour or half an hour every day the principles of true morality as contained in the Ten Commandments, in the exemplary lives of the Savior and of the prophets and apostles of old. Here is a common ground where all religious denominations can meet and work in harmony for the promulgation of the great designs of our Creator. Why could not the representatives of all the Christian denominations of our Territory meet together and elaborate a text-book for religious or moral instruction in public schools in different grades adapted to the mental capacity of different ages? And why could not religious teachers from different denominations be used in turn to give non-sectarian religious instruction in accordance with the religious text-book agreed upon? And why could not a children's Bible be printed, viz., the Bible itself divested of those parts which are objectionable to the ears of those who know not good and evil, and cut short of those chapters or books unprofitable for young, unphilosophical minds?

Do not think that this is idle speculation, for this very plan is in operation in our sister republic, in Switzerland, where religious text-books, together with a children's Bible, are in daily use, and religious instruction is imparted in non-sectarian schools. How many good people among us think that by sending their children to the Sunday Schools it is all they can do for them? Well, it is

not, for it is the parents' bounden duty to see that their children get a thorough moral training, and nowhere can this moral training be imparted better than in the schools. Let them be taught when young that wanton killing of animals is unlawful; let them be taught to bear no false witness against their companions; let them not only be taught that the use of stimulants and of narcotics is hurtful, but that unchastity is a much more dangerous poison; and if these principles of pure morality be instilled in those tender minds by teachers who themselves believe and practice them, how long would it be before the effects of such teachings would be felt in the community, and the young generation would be purer and stronger in that moral integrity without which the social fabric is doomed to fall, and our boasted civilization bound to leave nothing but ruins behind it! Let Utah take the lead not only in intelligence, but in morals also. Let it not be said that we cultivate the intellect and that we are ashamed to advocate pure morals, that our children may not rise up on the day of judgment and condemn us for having failed to teach them the fundamental principles of life.

Since the above was written, our community has been shocked by the awful account of the murder of two law officers, by two young men one of whom was born and raised in Salt Lake City. This vindicates the above suggestions and will open the eyes of all thoughtful parents. It is not enough for us to try to be righteous, we must see that we and our household serve the Lord, and the purer the atmosphere that surrounds us, the easier it will be for us and ours. The true education of men begins in the family and in the public schools.

A. A. Ramseyer.

A BUTTERFLY.

THE waltz music was throbbing out upon the broad hotel piazza, where the soft swish of silk and muslin floated past, rising and falling to the subdued gliding of feet, amid the talk and laughter of many voices.

The brilliant lights cast long shadows over the beach and out on the tossing waves.

The tide of humanity surged up and down the steps and on the beach; always the old story of restless feet and restless hearts.

The candelabra cast a bright glow upon the golden head of a girl whose yellow gown matched her hair.

A low, musical laugh, a soft, sweet voice, whose tones occasionally in the lull of confusion floated to the ears of a gentleman leaning idly over the window seat, added fascination to a presence of undeniable beauty. There was the usual scarcity of men as at every summer resort, but it was never Miss Dane who lacked an attendant.

And Julian King, who listened and glanced towards her from time to time as the sound of her low laugh drifted his way, smiled cynically, distrustfully.

"A shallow butterfly," he was saying to himself. "Perhaps Miss Dane thinks to repeat this summer her triumphs of last year, here at the same hotel. She begins well."

He turned toward the beach for a solitary stroll. Perhaps his thoughts were not the most cheerful. The pleasant mouth under the dark moustache was not smiling so agreeably now, and the frank blue eyes, usually merry, were darkened until they seemed almost black.

"You are a fool, Julian King," he said to himself candidly.

And he had thought the same thing just year, also.

As time passed Julian King was one day presented to Miss Dane. He had not sought an introduction—had rather tried to avoid it, and while they met occasionally there was a peculiar chilliness about the manner of each, an intuitive recognition of aversion, though he treated her with no discourtesy nor in any manner unbecoming a gentleman.

The hotel was ringing with the gossip of Miss Helen Dane's beauty, her sweetness, her grace and gowns. Money in plenty was the accompaniment of this Western beauty.

An aunt from Boston, intellectual and also wealthy chaperoned her lovely niece. Julian King heard the gossip whispered by the breezes. A favorite at the hotel, his yacht, his horses and his good nature were usually to be depended on.

There was one day in each week which he spent in town on plea of business. Nothing would induce him to forego this, nor to put off his affairs till next day. Thursdays were Julian King's town days.

One of the last yachting parties of the season was got up by Mrs. Burton, King's especial friend, who called herself his chapérón. It was to be particularly pleasant, and was as well planned as usual. But, alas! on the Wednesday appointed a storm came up in the morning and prevented the party. Great was the discomfiture of the would-be-sailors.

"Never mind," said King; "go tomorrow. It will surely be clear."

"And you will be here?" asked Mrs. Burton.

"No," he said. "But that need not interfere; take the boat anyhow. I'll have to miss the fun. You had best not delay later than tomorrow, for the weather is getting so uncertain."

Remain he would not, though they playfully teased and begged him to de-

pute his town business to others. Only Helen Dane gazed seaward, quietly, indifferent as to his going or staying, though she herself was included in Mrs. Burton's party.

So the next day the gay yachting party went without him, and they enjoyed themselves very much in spite of his absence.

Down by the west wharf there was a little throng waiting for him, a little throng of specially invited guests, who were to be taken on the river to the bay, where the noise and heat of the city were left far behind and the infinite calm of the great ocean brought a day's bliss—a day all too short. His guests were not those in elegant yachting costume, such as he had left that day at the hotel; but were meanly clad, and many women carried babies in their arms, and there were ragged children clinging to the ragged skirts of the mothers.

But the rapturous respect and admiration with which they all greeted Julian King was marvelous. To them he was the magician who was to give them the day's outing, to give their starved souls a taste of God's beauty on earth. His group of invited guests at the weekly boating party always varied; but the love with which each group greeted him never was lacking. This was the important business which called him to the city each week, and nothing ever came before it, or was permitted to interfere with the pleasure of his West Wharf guests.

The happiness of the yachting party from the hotel was surely not equal to the happiness of Julian King's party.

There was one mother who was worrying over her son. He was ill in the hospital.

"An' such a good by, sorr," she said. "He's always bin good to his mother,

an' he's been that sick they said he'd die. But yistiddy he said to me, 'Now, mammy, you go on the boat; I'm more aisy like, and ye'd better go.' Deary me; if he only cud get well!"

"What hospital is he in?" said King, kindly. "Maybe I can do something for him."

"Oh, sorr, if ye only kin! He's in St. James' an' bin there goin' on two months now. Deary me!"

She was fond of talking about her boy, and told how he had been a news-boy and had been run over by an express wagon. King had heard so many varied stories of distress that it was hard to discriminate; but this boy interested him. He remembered him the following week when he went to the city and went over to the hospital.

He found the mother there already. She was a charwoman, and had hurried with her work so as to spend a part of the morning with the boy. She grasped King's hand with great joy, she was so glad to see him. The boy lay very still, his pinched face showing lines of pain; but the big Irish blue eyes gazed friendly at the stranger.

"And how are you today, Patsy?" asked King. "Your mother has been telling me what a fine, brave lad you are, and you must be getting well soon, eh?"

"Yes, sir," said the boy, "I'm better."

Flowers brightened up his bedside, and a picture book or two lay on the table.

"You see," said the boy, "everybody is so good to me I can't help but git better. Mammy, she comes; and the doctors they comes, only they hurt sometimes; an' Miss Helen' she comes an' brings me flowers an' things ter eat; an now you come!"

His thin lips parted in a wide grin of pleasure.

King talked awhile and then went away to join the party waiting for him at the West Wharf.

He did not return to the hotel that night. There was a large reception to be given the following evening. He had intended being present, and a thought passed through his mind of the cool breezes, the dreamy music, the beauty of the women; but it was not a longing thought.

"Miss Dane will hold her usual court; there will be the usual crowd, and I do not care about it," he mused.

He spent the day with Patsy. It was a morning of happiness to the poor child. He forgot his pain listening to Mr. King's stories, and Mr. King brought him beautiful fruit, and told him about the trip they would take on the water when Patsy became well again.

"An' that'll be pretty soon, I guess," said Patsy, wistfully watching his visitor's face. When King returned to Patsy in the afternoon someone was at the bedside, a figure in black. King did not wish to intrude, so he stood beside a window, and presently the lady rose and passed to the other end of the dormitory. King came directly to Patsy.

"You seen her, didn't ye?" asked Patsy, his eyes shining. "That's Miss Helen. She comes here an' brings us fellows flowers an' things all the time, an' now she's goin' to sing. Jest you listen."

King started in surprise. Miss Helen! And now she was singing.

King drew back further in the shadow. It was Helen Dane. There in her plain black gown, with the pink roses at her waist, she was a far sweeter vision than the Helen Dane in her elegant costumes, the admired and feted queen of the hotel at Birchdale. She sat down to the piano and played for the boys, and then

presently she had gone, and dreamily King heard Patsy talking about Miss Helen.

"Ye see, all us fellers says she's ours, 'cause she's so sweet to us all. We got to love her. An' she sings like that there bird in the winder, don't she, Mr. King?"

"Yes," said King. "Does she come often?"

"Pretty often," he said. "Once she came, an'—an' the doctors had kinder hurt me that day, an' I cried"—shamefacedly he turned away his eyes—"I couldn't help it; an' Miss Helen she came in, an' she never winked even; an' then she stayed till I got off ter sleep again, an' 'cause it hurt awful. It's my back, ye see." he added explanatorily.

King told him some stories of sailors and the like, and the boy was blissfully content. For the slightest favor he was always grateful; the wistful look in the big blue eyes went to King's heart. King did not forget his new protege; he saw him often. But he did not chance to meet Miss Dane again at the hospital. Once he came in while she was singing, but believed she had not seen him.

"An' ain't she pretty, Mr. King?" asked Patsy.

"Yes," assented King, as one always agrees with a sick child.

Patsy did not grow stronger. It was one autumn day when Julian King went up to see him. He was alone, and lay with closed eyes, looking very weak indeed. King put down the chrysanthemums he had brought, a great pink and crimson blot on the white coverlid.

Patsy opened his eyes and smiled faintly. "Thank ye, Mr. King," he whispered. "Ain' they pretty?"

King took Patsy's hot hand in his own strong, white palms.

"Do you feel better, Patsy?"

Patsy shut his eyes again and a big tear stole down his cheeks.

"It's—it's mammy," he said. "I can't take keer of her no more; I ain't goin' to git well, Mr. King. They had ter tell me, 'cause I wanted ter know."

"O, yes, you'll be well again, I hope," said King cheerily. "And I'll see that your mother does not suffer. Let me tell you the funny thing I saw just now."

So he amused and diverted the child, and presently Patsy fell asleep.

King had known for some time the boy could not live. The hospital doctors had done all in their power for him; and King had had an eminent physician consulted on the case, but it was hopeless. King wondered if the mother and Miss Dane knew it.

The beautiful Miss Dane had returned to her Western home so the society column announced in the morning paper. But Patsy could have told differently, for Miss Helen came to see him nearly every day. He had been talking of her to King, and now King fell to thinking of her.

The door opened and someone in black came hastily over to Patsy's side. She recognized King quietly as he rose to offer the chair.

"Never mind," she said. "He is asleep and we may disturb him. They told me yesterday he would not live through today, and I have been so troubled. Is his mother here?"

"No," answered King. "Perhaps she had best not see the last. Pray, take this chair."

Patsy opened his eyes, and they brightened with gladness at sight of her. She bent and kissed his forehead.

The pale November sun shone down across the white bed, the pink and crimson chrysanthemums and Miss

Dane's black dress. "It's evenin', Miss Helen, ain't it?" asked Patsy. "It's gettin' dark."

He grasped her hand closely. King bent over him and raised his pillow.

One of the attendants came up, but King motioned her back.

"Let him have air," he said. But little Patsy's face was very white and drawn now. He turned to Mr. King and tried to speak.

"So good ter me," he gasped.

King held the other hand closely.

"Mammy, I can't see yer, but Mr. King, he's goin' to be good ter yer, too. An' I won't feel no more pain nor nuthin'."

The blue eyes tried to look up but the lids were heavy. He believed his mother was holding his hand, for the tired mind had begun to wander. King was stroking his forehead with a touch as gentle as a woman's.

"An' Miss Helen, she'll sing ter yer some time, mammy, * * * 'Rock of Ages,' or somethin'. An' I believe I hear—her—now. * * *"

Helen Dane was singing softly, gently. The last rays of the sunset faded, and the child's soul floated out peacefully on the last sweet notes of the old hymn he had loved.

A little later Patsy's two friends were going downstairs together. It was after dark now. King called a cab.

"May I see you home?" he asked gently.

"Yes," she said, in the same tone. And before they reached home there were two hearts to whom misunderstanding was past, and in the clear shining after-tears the beauty of souls stood plain. Not frivolous, not shallow; not indifferent nor cold, but misjudged. The white light of love came upon them

from the sweet, sad memory of the little Irish lad, and Helen hid her face close in King's arms.

P. M.

TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHINGS.

It is, I believe, universally acknowledged that the Sunday Schools of the Saints are making rapid progress. The progress is evident in the improved methods of instruction adopted, in the greater preparation shown by the teachers, and in the more perfect order maintained during the school sessions. These advances made in the conduct of the schools bring far better results than were obtained by the methods in vogue a few years ago. There are, however, dangers which apparently menace the well-being of some of our schools. I will refer but to one today. It is the danger that our schools may become secularized; or that they will be made but Sunday editions of the district schools which the children have been attending during the week.

This danger arises from at least two causes:

The tendency, in the first place, in the minds of some teachers to introduce subjects into our Sunday Schools that have no direct relation to the gospel, nor, indeed, to religion at all, but which are very proper subjects of study in the common schools. The introduction of these subjects robs the child of that religious instruction which is properly due to him, and which he attends Sunday School to receive. It is, in fact, taking away from the student a portion of that short two hours each week which alone is devoted to religious instruction, and occupying it with the consideration of those very things to which all the

rest of the week is devoted. It is an effort, intentional or unperceived, to weaken the work of the Sunday School by dividing its efforts.

There is another, and probably more potent, cause for some of this improper work. It lies in the weakness of humanity; the desire so strongly developed in most of us to get along as easily as possible. Many of our Sunday School teachers are also teachers in the day schools (and excellent ones they usually are) and what more natural to the easy-going teacher than to go over in the Sunday School the lessons he has been teaching during the week? It brings him no additional work, no fresh study, no new thought; the children, too, are at home with the lesson, the task is more easily gotten over in the class-room, the children can answer the old questions, they can sing the old songs, they can listen to the old stories and the time glides pleasantly by. But, unfortunately, not a new idea is presented, not a single new truth taught, not one step in advance made, the class is where it was; it has been acting as the imperfect echo of the teachings of the few preceding days. Still worse, this going over of the day-school work leaves out all religious training; God and His Church are not mentioned; the teachings have been strictly on the lines of morals or ethics, and the great reason for the establishment of Sunday Schools—the development of the religious nature of the child—has been entirely forgotten, or if not forgotten not recognized.

Would it be putting it too strongly were it said that religion, having been cast out of the day school, the evil one now seeks to rob the Sunday School of much of its power by crowding into its sessions non-religious subjects and thus further limiting the amount of religious

teaching—the most important of all—enjoyed by the children of God's covenant people?

This is an evil, small now, but evidently growing, that superintendents and school officers should guard against. The objects of the Sunday School are to make true Latter-day Saints of our children, to fill their hearts with the love of God and with a reverence for all connected with His work; to implant within them a faith in His great work; to inspire them with a loyalty to His holy word; and the more completely a Sunday School effects these grand objects the more perfectly does it perform the work assigned it in the economy of God in relation to the salvation of His latter-day Israel.

The Editor.

EARLY MISSIONARY EXPERIENCES.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 461).

THE presiding brethren now deemed it best to put me to work in another new field where a small opening had been made for introducing the Gospel, thereby avoiding a repetition of difficulties with the police. My new field of labor was the city of Frederickshald, celebrated in history for the vigorous defense of its fortress, Fredericksteen, where the hero-king of Sweden, Charles XII., ended his life, December 11th, 1718, while engaged in laying siege to that stronghold.

I arrived there on the 19th of May, 1854, and soon sought and obtained employment as a house-painter, thereby enabling me to pay for my board and lodgings. I stayed there about four months, bearing my testimony to the people on Sundays and on other occasions when opportunities offered; but

did not see much fruit of my efforts, as only one person was baptized, though several believed or were investigating the Gospel. This, however, should not discourage a man, or make him forsake his post, for afterwards there came quite a number of Saints from that city and its neighborhood, and among them are my wife and her parents and relatives, who have gathered to Zion.

I considered it my duty to stay where I had been sent, whether I accomplished much or little, and therefore worked at my trade, like the Apostle Paul did in the city of Rome, so that I should not be considered a vagrant. In taking this course I had the approval of my presiding brethren. Other parts of the mission field in Norway were worked in the same way.

It was on the 11th of September that I left Frederikshald for my field of labor in Christiania. There I found plenty of work in the ministry, as the branch now consisted of more than one hundred members, and many were investigating the principles of the Gospel and attending our meetings, that were held in the private home of a family of Saints.

In the fall of that year (1854) a company of several hundred emigrating Saints, in charge of Elder P. O. Hansen, were forced by a severe storm to seek safety in a small harbor on the extreme south coast of Norway. They had chartered a rather small steamer, and were on their way from Copenhagen to Hull, England. The Saints in this company, having suffered much from sickness, were glad to get ashore, and were kindly treated by the people. The Saints in turn preached to them, and meetings were held, in which the emigrating Elders bore testimony to the work of God and explained their object in gathering to Zion. It seemed that

the whole population would be converted in a very short time.

After being detained by the storm for a whole week, the company again put to sea, and after much suffering finally reached their destination. This incident became quite a factor in my missionary experiences, for the Elders of that company reported to the president of the mission the prospects for the introduction of the Gospel in that place and urgently asked that some experienced missionary be sent there. I was selected to go. I was expected to begin the journey on foot, and so continue. The spring would give me a chance to travel by steamer, and on my way visit all the branches of the Church along the coast. The distance to Mandal, my destination, was some four hundred miles.

According to this appointment, I made ready to start on this long journey as soon as possible, and the following day went to the police office to obtain my passport. But here I unfortunately met an officer who had formerly acted as prosecuting attorney at my trial in Drammen, and as he recognized me he put some questions to me that made me reveal to the other officer that I had again transgressed the law, having baptized some people, as well as preached and administered the sacrament. My passport was therefore withheld for the present, and I was told that I might call again later in the day when he would have consulted his superior about the matter.

Towards evening I again went to the police office, but instead of getting my passport I was ushered into the courtroom and presented before the acting police judge, and after examination I was placed in jail for the night.

About 2 p.m. the next day I was

brought before the same official again that had arrested me the previous evening. I was then more closely examined, and a long train of offenses against the law brought to light, as I, without the least reserve, related my labors in Christiania, Drammen, Frederikstad and Frederikshald. I also gave the name of a family which I had lately baptized in Christiania. The judge seemed to be entirely changed by this time. Perhaps my open-hearted statement and my honest appearance gave him a better understanding of my conduct, for he was very kind and treated me with much respect. When I was again remanded to my prison cell I asked him if I might get some books to read, and he kindly answered, "Yes, as many as you want; but would you not rather have your liberty?"

To this I, of course, could not object.

"You have some friends in the city, I suppose," said he, "that will go security for your presence here when wanted?"

I said, "Yes, but how will I be able to communicate with them?"

"Oh," said he, "I will send for them; just give me their names."

This I did. I was again locked up in my cell for a few hours pending the summoning of my securities, and also those people that I had lately baptized.

At 5 p.m. I was again brought into court, and there and then a scene took place that caused all the officials astonishment. Mr. Michael Peterson and wife, whom I had baptized, were there as witnesses; but as I entered Sister Peterson rushed from her seat and grasping both my hands, while tears flowed down her cheeks, she expressed her feelings of sympathy for me and sorrow at the treatment that I had undergone for baptizing them for the remission of

their sins, after having taught them the true Gospel of Jesus Christ. She did this in such a fervent manner that it made a great impression upon the judge and all present, and he consoled her by saying that I would soon regain my liberty. At last the judge intimated that, although we were no doubt all very upright and honest in our convictions, we were deceived, for the Mormons in Utah have another Bible, and this was not generally known to common people here.

To this I very politely answered that in this the judge was greatly mistaken, as the Book of Mormon was published in the Danish language and could be obtained by anybody who wanted to buy it. I offered to loan a copy to the judge as soon as I regained my liberty. This I subsequently did.

While I was thus bearing testimony of the truth in court, the Saints were having a prayer meeting, that being the regular evening set apart for that purpose. Their supplications ascended before the Throne of Grace in my behalf. When I therefore entered, after being set at liberty, their joy was unbounded, for their love for the missionaries was great indeed.

As it was found that my place of residence was outside the jurisdiction of the police in Christiania, the papers in my case were turned over to the proper authorities of that district, just outside the city limits. I was therefore summoned to appear before the judge of that locality, Mr. Larsen, who treated me with extreme courtesy and kindness. As I had voluntarily stated, during my trial, that this was not my first offense, and that I had paid the penalty in Drammen, I knew that the law gave the judge power to double the fine for every time such offenses were repeated, and

expected nothing else; but to my astonishment the kind old judge asked me if I did not wish the most lenient penalty that the law would admit of. To this I said I did. Now, it was my privilege to ask the court for leniency, but I did not know that, and therefore he did it for me in this manner, and then just fined me the same as I had been fined before, as he could not go below that on a case of repetition.

C. C. A. Christensen.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

ARTHUR'S ADVENTURE.

"Oh, mamma, please let me stay with him; he's an awful nice man."

"I'm not sure of that, dear. We haven't known him long enough to judge of his character yet. A rough miner is not the right kind of companion for a boy, and I don't care to have you stay at his cabin so much."

"But he tells such jolly stories, mamma. Last night he told me all about Jesse James, and oh! you just ought to know how brave he was! He stopped a train once all by himself and got almost a million dollars."

"So that's one of the stories Bob tells, is it, my son?"

"Yes, mamma, and all about how a man that lived alone in the mountains found a gold mine, and shot any one that came near it."

"That will do, Artie, I don't care for those stories, nor to have my boy hear them either. Bob should know better than to tell you such tales."

"But mamma, I just love to hear him!"

"My son, many a boy has been led into evil through listening to such stories. Let your thoughts dwell continually upon deeds of violence and sin,

and your mind cannot help but be tainted. On the other hand, if your mind is filled with thoughts of good and noble examples you will come to emulate them. 'As a man thinketh so is he;' and if we would build up worthy characters we must think noble thoughts. That is why I desire you not to be with Bob Beardsley, dear. There is so much that is beautiful and true that he might tell you instead of these deeds of crime; and I cannot trust a man far who cares to discuss such themes perpetually, and especially with a little boy."

"Oh, but mamma, Bob is really a splendid man himself."

"Very well, dear. Think so, if you will, but don't disobey me. Remember I have told you not to go to his cabin, or to associate with him in any way."

"But, mamma, it's the only fun I have, to hear Bob tell stories."

"Why, you seemed to have had plenty of fun before Bob came, dear. I think I heard you telling papa once that you had never had such a perfectly good time in your life as you have had in the mountains."

"Oh, but that was at first; there ain't anything to do now."

"What about riding horseback, and fishing in the pond, and setting traps for chipmunks, and going up to the mine with papa every day? Those are only a few of the things you seemed to enjoy thoroughly before Bob came to work."

"Well, but you see I'm tired of them."

"Yes, I've noticed; and they all commenced to pale upon you since Bob began to tell you stories. I suppose everything seems tame now, compared to train-robbing and throat-cutting, doesn't it?"

"Yes, it does," answered Art quite innocently.

"I thought so," remarked his mother, significantly. "It's the first fruits of Bob's elevating influence. Now, I'm going to try and give you something better to think of than jail-birds and desperadoes. Take this book, dear, and read it. Remember it is the good men who win the only fame and reward worth having. Don't let any tale of daring or adventure blind your eyes to the truth that evil of any kind, even though it may sometimes seem to flourish for awhile, eventually ends in punishment and pain."

Art took the little volume his mother handed him and went down the hillside towards his favorite nook—a shady spot among the pine trees down by the pond. A pile of branches made a capital couch, and here Art brought his books to read, and his traps to store, making believe the little bower was an office sometimes and sometimes a workshop.

Often as he worked or read the little brown chipmunks ran out on to the branches overhead and peeped at him curiously as he sat quietly beneath. He loved to watch the shy little creatures, with their appearance of unconcern, come out to the very edge of the limb, nibbling at the leaves about, but ready at his slightest motion to hop back to the thick shade of leaves or up to the safety of the topmost branches of the tree.

Art's father was superintendent of the big mine on the hillside far above; and his family had come up into the mountains for the summer. For the first month Art had been in ecstasy over the wild, free life. He could go up to the mine any time and watch the great buckets of ore brought up from the different levels, huge engines in their noisy and intricate work, and the refuse rolled in the little cars from the edge of

the shaft and dumped, a yellowish river of sand down the hillside. Then his father had given him a black pony, tame, surefooted and intelligent, with which he could climb the steep trails leading up the mountain side in all directions, and ride down the roadway to the tunnel in the lower hillside or the little town lying some five or six miles below them in a great gulch.

Often in the evening after the whistle had sounded supper time, he went over to the miners' boarding-house, and heard the men tell of their experiences in mining and prospecting, and it was at one of these visits that he had met Bob Beardsley.

Bob told tales that made Art's flesh creep, and his hair stand on end, but there was a smack of heroic daring in the adventures of which he told that caused Art's boyish pulses to tinge with admiration, and soon made the other stories seem stale and tame beside them.

Recently Bob had built a shanty up the hillside, "to have," as he termed it, "a spot to call his own," and Art had fallen into the habit of going there of an evening to listen to Bob's thrilling tales, the other pleasures of the life around him seeming dull in comparison.

Not desiring to encourage the association, Art's mother had now finally been forced to forbid his visits, the man having gained an influence with her son which she realized might result in material harm to his character. This it was which she had this morning been discussing, and which Art's youthful admiration and loyalty to "his friend" made him resent.

The book his mother had handed him was a "Life of Washington," and stretching himself out on his improvised couch of pine branches, Art commenced

to read. While the history dealt with the Indian campaign and Washington's first hazardous journey through the wilderness, Art's attention remained steadfast; but presently the details became less sensational and his interest waned in accordance.

The trials and honors attending the great hero's life, the integrity and nobility of character, the genius and courage in planning and carrying on the great war of the Revolution, a portrayal of which at one time would have held him spell-bound, seemed but commonplace after the tales of danger and daring, bloodshed and hairbreadth escapes with which Bob was wont to regale him. Presently Art laid the book down with a yawn. It was too tiresome and prosy by half to be worth the trouble of "wading through." If he only had that book Bob was reading from the night before, where Red Dick had set out on the trail of an emigrant train, determining to betray all of its number into the hands of the Indians! He had been called home just as the trail was struck, and it was this disappointing fact which had induced him to ask to stay all night with Bob, in order to hear the end of the tale without interruption. Instead of enjoying this fuller liberty, however, he had been shut off from all intercourse, and as it looked now he might never know the end of those backwoods adventures, whose commencement had thrilled the very marrow of his soul. He might have borrowed the book, but that too had been forbidden, so that there was nothing now but to make the best of his tame pastimes. A shame, too, as if a boy of his size were not to be trusted to read a book! Art's anger flared afresh at thought of the humiliating restriction. Better be a baby or a girl and done with it, or else—one

would almost feel justified in fact under such circumstances to rebel.

Of course he could not openly defy commands by associating with Bob, but he knew where the book was, and that Bob would be glad to let him take it if he wanted to go for it.

He was on his feet at the thought almost unconsciously.

There was a little path leading from the pond up to Bob's cabin on the hillside, through a dense growth of pines and bushes which hid it from view of Art's home—a pretty rustic cottage perched high up on the opposite mountain side. It did not take Arthur ten minutes to reach the cottage, and going inside the unbolted door he glanced eagerly around for the coveted treasure. It lay on a shelf above Bob's bunk, its bright yellow cover making it a conspicuous object; and in a moment it was in Art's hand and he was speeding back to his secret spot under the pine trees. One act of disobedience, surely it could not matter.

Ah! but it is the one broken stitch that makes sometimes the irretrievable rent in character; or at least opens an avenue for events that might never have been, had one but held fast to instincts of integrity.

* * * * *

It was a week later Mr. and Mrs. Bates sat on the porch, breathing the cool evening breeze blowing from the near snow-topped peaks, and enjoying the peaceful quiet of the secluded hollow amid the hills.

"I can't help rejoicing for Artie's sake that Bob has been turned away from the mine," Mrs. Bates was saying to her husband. "Not that I wish any man ill, but I fear he had gained an influence over Art's mind that could do him no possible good. Certainly the

boy has not been himself since he commenced running with Beardsley, and I fancy he had more to do with Art's discontent and restlessness."

"Beardsley is not a fit companion for honest men even," said her husband. "Had I known at first what I know now of his character I should never have taken him on at the mine."

"Has he left the Park yet?"

"No, unfortunately. Up to yesterday he was around town drinking heavily, and I fear vowing vengeance on me for discharging him."

"Why, George, do you think he would dare do violence?"

"No. He is too great a coward for that. It's his lack of courage, I guess, that has kept him so far from prison or the gallows, for he has all the instincts of a desperado. His evil will always be of an underhanded sort, for the reason that he hasn't pluck enough to live up to his nature."

"And you think he might be capable of doing you harm if——"

"Oh, he would revenge himself, if he could accomplish it without too much risk; but there's no way in which he can touch me. Don't be at all alarmed."

"Thank heaven Artie is safe from his influence."

"How is Art? Been moping any lately?"

"Yes, a good deal. He misses Bob, and fancies somehow that he has been mistreated. I shouldn't wonder if Beardsley had a chance to talk to him before he went away."

"Oh, he'll come out of that with time. By the way, where is he?"

"I let him ride down to the city with Mr. Baldwin. He was taking his children to see the little bear cub in Yardley's store window, and I thought I'd let him go."

"Oh, yes; no harm in that. Here they come now up the canyon."

A few minutes later a stout wagon appeared around a curve which, after the first brief glimpse, had hid it from their view, and drew up in front of the cottage, past which the road ran.

"Why, where's Arthur?" asked both parents in a breath.

"Ain't he home?" asked Baldwin in a tone of surprise.

"Certainly not. We expected him home with you."

"Why, he left us at about noon," replied Baldwin, "and said he was coming straight home. He was outside Yardley's with the children the last I saw him; and while I was doing errands inside, the girls said one of the mine men came along and talked with Art, and Art told the children he'd decided to ride home with him. They started off before I came out, so I hadn't a chance to see who it was he went with."

I supposed of course, though, it would be all right. I guessed Art was tired of hanging around after they saw the bear cub, and didn't want to stay all day till I was ready to come."

George Bates sprang to his feet. Seven hours had passed since noon and Arthur still not heard from.

"Are your horses too tired to make the trip back again?" he said to Baldwin.

"Not much. They've been standing in the stable all day. It wouldn't matter, though, if they hadn't. I shan't rest till Art's brought back, you can be sure of that. Wouldn't have come home till I'd found him if I hadn't thought he'd be here all right. Here, kids, you jump out and run home. Tell mother I'm goin' back and not to wait supper. Come, Mrs. Bates, you better put your bonnet on and come too. It

will be heaps better than stayin' here worryin' till we come back. Of course Art's all right, but you'd have him killed a dozen different ways if you waited here worryin' till we bring him. Jump right in now and we'll be down there in a jiffy."

An interminable time it seemed, however, before the few lights of the little town gleamed close at hand, and they had drawn reign at Yardley's store.

Had anyone seen Art start away, or the man with whom he had gone? Did they know what direction had been taken? These were the important questions, but though a crowd of people soon gathered around, attracted by the possibility of some kind of excitement, no one could furnish information by which they could gain any actual clue. At the hour Arthur started away nearly everyone was engaged with the noon meal, and hence none but the children who were waiting for their father in the wagon outside the store had noted their companion or his departure.

Baldwin's little girls declared that the two had taken the road leading towards the mine, but a dozen different trails branched from the roadway leading over the mountains in various directions, and they might easily have turned aside. But why should they have done so? Why, also, that starting up the roadway at noon towards home, a little more than an hour's ride from the little town, that darkness had come and naught had been seen of them since? Why, indeed, had they turned aside at all?

The night, the week, a month passed, and the question had not been solved.

* * * * *

"Jest you lay low there now till I come back, youngster! If you don't I'll let daylight into your skull with this pick."

It was Bob's most threatening tone,

and Art shrank back in the corner of the little cabin cowed and trembling before the man's angry voice. These threats were nothing unusual, and were moreover so often accompanied by a blow or kick in half-fulfillment of his fiercer promises that Art had learned to dread them from that if nothing more.

It was Bob whom he had met at Yardley's store, and the latter, who was starting forth as he termed it, "to seek his fortune," had persuaded Art to accompany him.

In their talks at the little cabin Bob had often told Art that some time he was going forth on a quest for a rich mine and would take Art with him to share in its treasure. He had been joking then, though Art took it in earnest, but meeting the boy that day as he was departing the thought had come to him suddenly, as a way perhaps to wipe out the score between himself and the superintendent, to take the boy with him into the mountains.

He had had little trouble in persuading Art to go, as the boy's mind was primed for the adventure by the false ambitions he had been imbibing through Bob's training.

Of course the boy was led chiefly by the idea of returning home with fabulous wealth, and as a hero perhaps of a thousand thrilling adventures.

Bob himself had taken the step without reflecting upon the possible outcome of his assuming the responsibility of persuading Art to leave his home; but once they were well into the mountains—a week's trip from their starting-place—the thought began to bring him various misgivings. Art's father had made a correct estimate of the man's moral cowardice, and while Bob rejoiced in the prospect of giving the man whom he considered had wronged him the

anxiety consequent upon his son's absence, he still did not like to think of facing the punishment which might ensue from the step. He would have been glad to rid himself of the boy after the first week, but circumstances had transpired which made it difficult for him to do so.

In prospecting through the canyons he had come across a gulch cut into one of the many ranges in the region and here he had found what he believed, to be evidences of a rich lode, whose development might mean to him an independent fortune. To stay in the spot was his one chance to prove its worth, and as Art was with him there was but the one choice of keeping him till he should be able to dispose of his supposed treasure, or run the probable risk of being followed and brought back to suffer punishment should Art tell of his whereabouts. There were two or three other reasons why he did not care to have his whereabouts known at present, several articles of his "miner's kit" having come to him in a way that the law could hardly regard as legitimate. Therefore he was obliged to make the best of Art's company, but revenged himself for the inconvenience and worry of the same in a manner characteristic of a man with his cowardly and evil propensities, by threatening and bullying the boy to his heart's content. He utilized him in a way, too, by making him drudge as much as possible about the premises, making fires, washing the cooking utensils and dishes used in their housekeeping in the camp, cutting and hauling wood from the hills about for the fires, and bringing water up the hillside from the creek at the bottom of the gulch for their household purposes. The drudgery, new in itself to the boy, could have been better borne had there

been kindness shown in its direction, but the man's friendly attitude had vanished now and was replaced by a harshness that kept Art in a state of constant trembling and anxiety. All day he had stayed in the little camp that had been improvised, his heart aching with loneliness, but dreading Bob's return more than even the solitariness that preyed upon his young spirit.

How he yearned for home and the loving hearts from which he had separated none but his own grieved and repentant soul knew. To return to them he would have given all the wealth that his wildest imagination had conceived, but it could not be.

Bob's threats of punishment concerning any attempt at returning to his home till he should yield permission had been such as to appal a braver and older heart than Art's, and he could only stay on, his one consolation in his misery being the hope that perhaps his father might come to find him before Bob should carry his promises of punishment, so frequently made, into actual demonstration.

Bob's last injunction to him in leaving to go to work at the shaft he was digging day by day was always the same: to stay at the camp and by no means to be in sight should some chance prospector or woodsman happen into the gulch. Today Bob had set forth to go to a small town across the divide for provisions and the purpose of displaying his ore to an assayer in order to know the value of his "find." He came back at dark impatient and disappointed; his hopes in the ore having proven to be without foundation. His feelings as a natural thing were vented upon Art, in cuffs and kicks and angry threats that sent the boy sobbing

outside the tent to escape them. Not answering to Bob's summons to return, the boy flew down the hillside, not pausing till he had reached a hiding place in the willows near the creek. He was half-tempted, almost, to keep on and trust himself anywhere than to the mercies of the brute upon whom he had relied for protection, but the idea, despite his fear of Bob, was soon abandoned. The thought of being alone at night in these untrodden mountain-fastnesses, fearful with the dangers which Bob's tongue had imaged forth, was simply appalling to the boy. Better Bob's companionship than the unknown perils of the lonely canyon ways at night, he told himself. Lying in the bushes till the stars came out Art had many thoughts. All the comforts and tendernesses of the home he had left came back to his vision to tempt him, and the thought that he had voluntarily resigned their peace and happiness for this, was something that made his very blood tingle with shame and sorrow. How well he remembered now the words and warning of his mother! If he had only listened to the advice that had fallen from her lips all this experience would have been saved. He had gone forth with the thought of emulating all those bold adventures of which Bob had told him, and instead had had only suffering and humiliation. The rightness of his mother's judgment had been but too well demonstrated, for his desire to strike into forbidden paths had been met with defeat and deep bitterness of sorrow. Who could tell now into what paths he might be led, what new experiences of shame and suffering might come to him? If only he had listened, and obeyed! Now, indeed, it might be too late forever.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

MY FRIEND'S DREAMING.

III.

WHEN the persons to whom we referred in the last article, had passed the guard and were about to depart for other places to abide a better day, my friend heard the following:

One regretted how he had been finding fault with the servants of God who bore the Holy Priesthood. It was now clear to him that much of his criticism had been entirely out of place. In the place of scoring any triumphs, as he had so often exultingly imagined to himself, he now found that he had scored the points the other way. His evil words and other ill conduct were well known to those who presided on that shore, and the judge, by his superior power of discernment, was able to detect it all, and refused, as a consequence to accept of him as a member of the Church of Christ there, until he had undergone a sufficient change to warrant him against repeating his conduct there, and against bringing discord and ill-feelings into the home of the Saints, for such was not the pleasure of the Saints he now found.

Another hated himself for having been a continual breaker of the Word of Wisdom. While upon the earth he had paid but little attention to this matter. He felt as though it was a matter of his own. If he abused his body, he alone would suffer, and if that really was his only fault, of course he would pass right along, for God paid no attention to such trifles. With such arguments he had flattered himself. "Beautiful arguments, are they not, Mr. Satan?" he said. But the guard, or angel, who could read his very thoughts, responded, "Yes, and innocent fool thou wast to listen to such reasonings. If you please, sir, I will tell you further what wrongs

you did in indulging your carnal appetite by breaking the Word of Wisdom given by the Lord to you for your good. First, you unfitted yourself for the company of the Saints, where purity of the soul is the grand point in view, where nothing can be permitted contrary to Father's will, be it whatsoever it may. Secondly, you did a grievous evil toward your neighbors by placing before them a bad example and counteracting many an attempt on the part of your good neighbors and brethren in bringing their children up properly in the fear of the Lord, and in denying themselves of these useless articles. Their children saw your example and they simply said to themselves, 'There is Brother —, he uses these things, and if he can do it why not we also?' Thus the counsels of their good parents were set at naught; they followed your pernicious habits and went astray. Do you think you can now be trusted?"

But the Word of Wisdom breaker said nothing; his eyes were downcast. His conscience now told him too plainly that he was at fault and that righteous were the judgments here.

A third, who had been watching over his fellowman with a sort of a hawk's eye, coming all sorts of little snap games on his brethren when dickering with them; who when seen out on business had the air and dignity of a Chicago drummer, with a conscience akin to that of an oriental, but when seen at church was as devoted and pious as anybody. This man thought it right strange that they could not be permitted to remain at the home of the Saints. "Why," said he to his friends, "don't you remember the 'send off' we got when our bodies were being laid away, how we were praised by the speakers at our funeral? And now what good is such a

recommendation when we are here so closely scrutinized? And if the case stands so with us who were numbered with the Saints, how will it be with those who are to be judged more especially out of the books according to their works?" This was now a burning question with him. For how did he now know to what extent he would be liable to the righteous judgments of Him who should be his final Judge?

This man was now about convinced that the deals in life had not been so profitable as he had at first supposed. He had looked entirely at present advantages, forgetting that future and true happiness depended upon the purity of soul and clearness of the conscience and a full and free confidence in the servants and Saints of God, all of which could only be obtained by a daily application of strictly honest principles, whereby the interests and rights of others were fully guarded and willingly accorded.

Another complained bitterly against his own conduct respecting tithing. He said to the men in the group: "What a fool I was; how blind to my own interests and eternal welfare I could be? The law of tithing was such a burden to me that what little I did do was done begrudgingly, and never without a feeling of fear about the disposal of the little I did give. It always appeared to me that I was helping to feed some one in office, for which I had no real recompense, and therefore I might as well keep my tithes and offerings at home, and if I really had anything to offer to the worthy poor I would give it myself, so that no one would possibly get a chance to divert from the channel in which it was intended to be applied. And many such thoughts did I have. But when it came to the point of giv-

ing to the poor or assisting in the many little charitable enterprises on foot among the people I now see that I did not do that either. And now I have no very clear recollection of doing very much good in my day with the means that God made me steward over. When I attended meeting and the Elders touched upon the subject of tithing I was offended. I felt that it was not needed near as urgently as they put it. And when I heard them refer to the word of the Lord upon the subject of tithing, Satan whispered in my ear that that part of it was of course a little doctored, because I didn't see how in the world I could spare it."

And looking over to the person, who had hated himself for not keeping the Word of Wisdom, he said: "Pshaw! You complained of your inability to keep the Word of Wisdom; to me that was nothing. I could not afford tobacco. Whisky was so distasteful and destructive to one's senses, and tea and coffee we could well do without, as we had plenty of milk; wheat or barley furnished a good substitute, so we felt quite safe, as it was not "store coffee," and after all the Word of Wisdom was a small matter to us, as we always felt we could not afford the articles it prohibited. I always enjoyed to hear the preachers talk on the Word of Wisdom. That was just to my liking. I remember well how proudly I looked around and how big my heart felt when that subject was touched; and when asked if I kept the Word of Wisdom what a ringing answer in the affirmative I would give."

"And now, gentlemen," he continued, "I feel away down in my heart that there is another wrong which I did that is gradually becoming more plain to me, which will be to me very painful, I

am sure. I refer to such conduct as a miserly life naturally leads to. You see when one deals with his fellowman there are many, many little things left to his honor whereby he can act to his own personal advantage to the pecuniary loss of his fellowman, and not always be detected, such as shortage in weights and measures, change of money, crawling out of just taxation, sponging yourself upon transporting associations by passing without paying fare because the conductor happens to miss you, and in a number of other ways which are at the time passed over, by following a certain line of reasoning by which the purer inspirations of the inner man are set aside and the vulgar man from without completely destroys conscience in all such cases.

"And now, gentlemen, to us it is very plain that the evils of which we have spoken are so many barriers placed in our way to hinder us from the exaltation in store for the faithful. They are spots placed upon our robes of white, which denotes the purity of the Saints; they are piercing accusations to our souls today, expressing as they do our unworthiness of the society of the good until our works will some future day fully bespeak for us our worthiness.

Friis.

MUCH may be done in those little shreds and patches of time which every day produces, and which most men throw away, but which, nevertheless, will make at the end of it no small deduction from the little life of man.

A MAN is as old as he feels, but not always as big—not by a heap.

It is true that beauty is skin deep, but so is homeliness.

Our Little Folks.

BIBLE STORIES FOR THE CHILDREN.

The Israelites Crossing the Red Sea.

AFTER the pillar of cloud had removed to the back of the camp, the Lord told Moses to stretch out his rod over the sea, and when he did so the water separated and stood up on both sides like a high wall, leaving a wide, dry road right through the sea.

Moses then told the people to march forward, which they did, and in the morning when they had all got to the other side they saw the Egyptians coming too, but when they were all in the midst of the sea their chariot wheels began to come off, and the Lord told Moses to stretch out his rod over the sea again, and when he did so the water all came back to its place, and Pharaoh's soldiers were drowned.

Then all the people sang praises to the Lord for taking care of them, after which they traveled southward into the wilderness.

When they had traveled about three days they came to a place where there was no water, and they were all very thirsty. A little farther on they found water, but it was very bitter and they could not drink it, so they began to find fault with Moses.

Moses then prayed to the Lord about it, and the Lord showed him a tree which he was to cut down and put into the water, and when he had done so the water was made sweet and good for them to drink.

A few weeks later they began to grumble and complain because they had no meat to eat, and the Lord told Moses He would send them both meat and bread.

That evening great flocks of quails came and settled on the ground near the camp, and the people caught them and had plenty of meat to eat.

In the morning they found the ground covered with something white, and because they did not know what it was they called it manna, but Moses told them it was bread, and that the Lord would send it every morning except on the Sabbath, and that every person should gather a little measure full of it, which would be just enough for their eating during the day.

Some of them gathered more than the Lord told them to and saved it until the next day, when they found it was badly spoiled and they could not eat it; but on Saturday each one was to gather two measures full and it would not spoil, for the Lord did not send any on the Sabbath. He did not want them to work on that day, but they were to rest and worship Him; and it is the same with us.

We ought not to work more than is necessary on God's holy day, and we ought not to make it a day of pleasure-seeking. We should always go to Sabbath School and learn all we can about God and the people He has created, and then if we must play let us play quietly, and not be loud and boisterous on that day.

Celia A. Smith.

YOUNG FOLKS' STORIES.

Cases of Healing.

OUR young friends tell of so many instances of remarkable healing through the power of the Lord, that we have concluded to place all stories of this character under the heading of "Cases of Healing," in the department for "Young Folks' Stories."

NINE years ago my little brother was taken sick with a very bad cold and was very ill. He did not get any better, and at last we all gave him up for dying; but grandma had faith in the Lord that he might get well; and they called on the Elders, who administered to him, and he was made well.

Lillian Lee. Age 12 years.

NUTRIOSO, APACHE CO., ARIZONA.

A FEW months ago my baby brother was taken sick with a very bad fever, which lasted about nine weeks. During this time he was doctored with every kind of medicine that was recommended, all of which seemed to do no good.

The doctor said he was very sick, and left some powder for him, which seemed to do no good.

Being in a strange place, my mother was timid about calling the Elders to come and administer to him, but seeing he was about gone, she sent for them. When they arrived he seemed to be dead, though we could see that he breathed. The Elders anointed him and laid hands on his head, and prayed to the Lord to heal him. Just as soon as they took their hands off his head he arose and began to "coo" and ask for something to eat. He was made whole and is now well and hearty.

Ida Maxwell. Age 12 years.

NUTRIOSO, APACHE CO., ARIZONA.

I HAVE read in the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR the stories the young people have written. So having the same chance, I thought I would write about my brother getting run over with a wagon.

My father's family was traveling in a wagon. When a little south of Monroe all of the children were walking. We were playing tag, when my brother

caught his toe on a bush and fell in front of the hind wheel of the wagon. He got his head out of the way so the wheel did not run over it. The wheel started on his shoulder and went down his back, but as his leg was doubled up the wheel slipped off.

Father rubbed my brother's back where it was bruised for a little while, then administered to him. He then put him in the wagon and covered him up.

In the afternoon we got out to walk up the Marysvale hill. My brother who was hurt wanted to get out too, and did so, walking four miles without getting in the wagon. He appeared entirely well and has never complained since.

We know that it was through the power of God that he had his strength so soon.

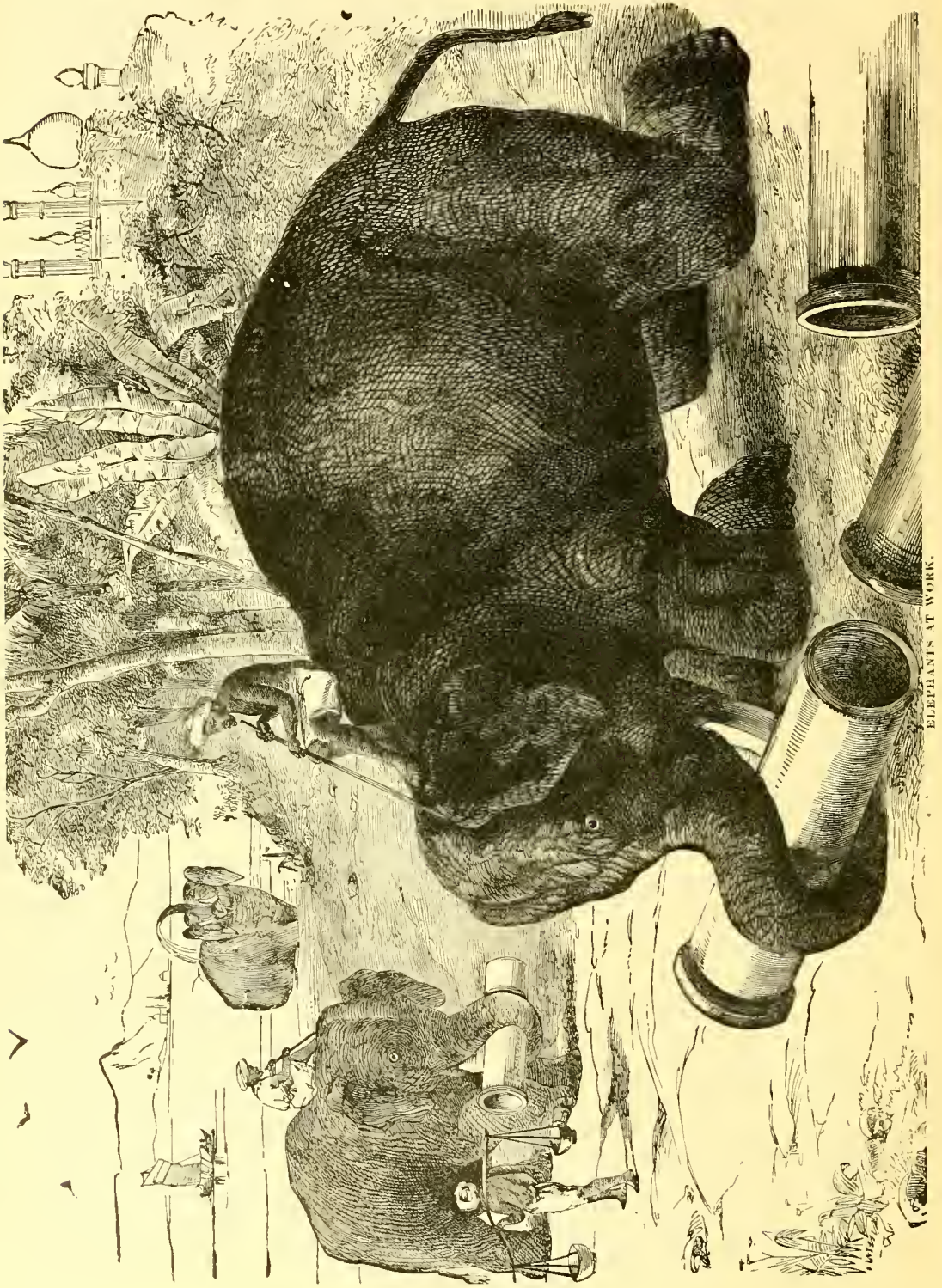
Eunice A. Cox. Age 13.

ORDERVILLE, KANE CO., UTAH.

THE ELEPHANT.

THE elephant is the largest of all the land animals that now exist. He is very strong and exceedingly sensible. The Indian elephant, especially, does some most extraordinary things. He carries people on his back in peace, and in war he takes the sick and the camp equipage. He drags the guns along, and will put his huge head to a cannon and push it through a bog, out of which it would be almost impossible for men and horses to draw it. Sometimes he winds his trunk around it and lifts it up, while men and horses drag it forward. He will pile timber, and go on for hours putting one log upon another, with scarcely a word from the attendant. Then he will draw the plough, and one plowing elephant can do the work of thirty oxen.

Some wonderful stories are told of



ELEPHANTS AT WORK.

the elephant's good qualities. Dr. Franklin says that he has known elephants to be very fond of children. In one case, especially, he saw the wife of a mahout or driver confide the care of a very young child to one of these huge creatures. The elephant was very much in earnest about its work, and lavished delicate attentions upon the small object of his care. The child, like many other children, did not like to remain long in one position, but wanted to be noticed, and cried directly he was left to himself. Sometimes he got between the animal's legs, and played with the branches of the tree on which his nurse was feeding. The elephant, very good-naturedly, allowed these liberties to be taken with him. He gently moved the child out of the way, or took the branches from him; but did everything so carefully that the little one was not in the least hurt.

But if the elephant is good-natured, he is sometimes very touchy. One day a young man amused himself by offering a piece of sugar to an elephant, and then drawing it back again. He ended by giving it to another elephant. The disappointed animal was so offended, that he seized the young man with his trunk, tore his clothes to pieces, and would have injured him seriously if the keepers had not run up and rescued him. Another elephant treated in the same way a keeper who wished to prevent the public feeding it.

There are only two species of elephants known, and these are the Indian elephant and the African elephant. They differ slightly in appearance; for the former has a high, oblong head and the latter a round head. The ears, too, of the African are much larger. The habits of the two species are, however, very similar. Both live in herds, and

each herd has a leader, which is generally the largest and most powerful of the number. They love to dwell in thick forests, and devour herbs, roots, and grain. If they can find the opportunity, they make their way into cultivated fields, and there they do a great deal of mischief. Curiously enough, though, they may be kept out easily by means of a fence, even if it is only a slight one; for the elephant has a great dread of a fence. Generally speaking, however, if left alone the elephant is a very inoffensive animal.

The Hindoos believe that the elephant understands what is said to him. The elephant is guided by the man who sits on his neck; but, very often, another man may be seen walking by the side of the animal, telling him that the road is rough or slippery, and that he is to take care, step out, etc. All this the elephant is supposed to understand and attend to. In India no state procession is considered complete without the presence of numerous elephants.

BOOKS are a guide in youth and an entertainment for age. They support us under solitude, and keep us from becoming a burden to ourselves. They help us to forget the crossness of men and things, compose our cares and our passions, and lay our disappointments asleep. When we are weary of the living, we may repair to the dead, who have nothing of peevishness, pride, or design in their conversation.

A MINISTER startled his audience, a few Sundays ago, by saying, "I have forgotten my notes, and shall have to trust to Providence; but this evening I will come better prepared."

SECRET PRAYER.

WORDS AND MUSIC BY H. H. PETERSEN.

1. There is an hour of peace and rest, Unmarred by worldly care— 'Tis
 2. The straight and narrow way to heav'n, Where angels ev - er fair Are
 3. When sail-ing on life's stormy sea 'Mid billows of de - spair, 'Tis
 4. When thorns are strewn a - long my path, And foes my feet en - snare, My

when be-fore the Lord I go, And kneel in se - cret prayer.
 sing - ing to God's praise, is found Thro' constant se - cret prayer.
 sol - ace to my soul to know God hears my se - cret prayer.
 Sav-ior to my aid will come, If sought in se - cret prayer.

Refrain.

May my heart be turned to pray, !Pray in se - cret day by day, That this
 May my heart be turned to pray, Pray in se - cret day by day,

boon to mortals giv'n, May u-nite my soul with heav'n.
 That this boon to mortals giv'n,

A MAN is anxious for the welfare of his family, and willing to work hard for it. What steps does he take to compass so worthy an end? Thinking, in a crude and narrow way, that money and happiness are convertible terms, he proceeds to absorb himself, body and soul, in pursuit of money. Now, undoubtedly a growing family needs money; but it also needs much else that no money can

buy; yet of all this he thinks not. He cannot give them his time, his thought, his judgment, his influence, for they are all drained away in his single pursuit. It is, perhaps, needless to say that a family's best welfare cannot be thus attained. The aim is good, but the method is insufficient. He has missed the road, and cannot reach the goal in this way.

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